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PILING IT ON.



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Editor, H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 30th, 1889.—No. 621.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, attired in raiment neat, but not Gaudy, was seated upon a stile, engaged in whittling a stick, when a Neighbor, happening that way, thus accosted him:

"Why is it," he said, "that you, who are the owner of a Woolen-Mill, sit here idling upon a stile, and neglecting your Business while you whittle a stick into futile shavings? Would you not be better employed looking after your Affairs, and seeing that your workmen do their duty?"

Upon hearing this Discourse, the Middle-aged Man was profoundly interested, and, with much concern, prayed his Neighbor to inform him why he should rather be at his Mill, attending to his Business, than on the Stile.

"Why," said the Neighbor, "are you not a free man, in a free Country, with a business of your own, which you are free to conduct as you please? Why, then, should you not conduct it to your own Profit and Benefit, instead of leaving it to take Care of Itself? Have you neither the Ambition nor the Self-Respect of an American Citizen?"

"I have both, indeed," replied the Manufacturer of Woolens, (for such he was,) "but I do not see that I have any use for either of them at present. As for my Business, it will take care of itself; and as for Myself, I am of as much use on the top of this Stile, as I could possibly be in my own Factory. For, if you will allow me to drop the *Æsop* style, and to talk plain American, I will tell you my story, and you may judge for yourself whether or no I am wasting time. Where my father had thirty machines, I have three. I am no less careful and sparing than he was, for I have never lived so well as he did. And yet, while he was well-to-do, I am but a poor man, and can hardly keep alive the business that was profitable in his time. You ask me why I do not see that my workmen do their duty. I have no need to watch over them. They know well that if I fail through their negligence they will lose their employment, and will be forced to give up their houses which they bought when they were employed by my father; and they will have no choice but to leave this town, in which they have spent the best part of their lives, and to seek employment elsewhere, in which search they will have but a poor chance, for the men who own mills like mine are mostly as poor as I am.

"If you ask me why I am poor, I can briefly resolve you. My father started this business, and invested therein all his savings, because he believed that Americans would buy woolen goods manufactured in America. I succeeded to the business with the same idea in my foolish head. When I was long past my first youth, I was obliged to learn the painful truth that no American can make and sell woolen goods unless the wool is grown in America. It is true, the wool I use is not grown in this country. No American has ever tried to grow a pound of it, and if he were to try ever so hard, he could not grow it for a quarter of a century to come. And yet, if I use this variety of wool, as I must, I am fined by the government. It is my business to produce a certain grade of goods. For that grade of goods I must use a certain grade of wool. That grade of wool is only to be procured from foreign countries. In order to import it, I must pay a duty which reduces my profits to—well, next to nothing. I pay nearly three hundred dollars on less than five hundred dollars' worth of imported material. I understand that this duty is levied for the benefit of the wool-growers of the West. But, if this is the case, why do not the wool-growers of the West produce such wool as I am fined for importing? I ask myself this question with the full knowledge that I am a fool for asking it. They do not produce it, because they can not produce it: and even if they taxed me until I had to go into bankruptcy, they could not produce it. They have never even attempted to produce it.

"Perhaps you would like to know why the Western wool-grower gets government protection at my expense. Well, the explanation is

simple. I am not rich enough to get at the great politicians and induce them to shape the policy of the country to suit my convenience. The wool-growers seem to be able to go to Washington and get the Senators enlisted in their cause. Mr. Sherman takes so much interest in them that he will do any thing they want. But men of my sort have nothing to say in questions of national policy. We are just like the rest of the people—we can vote once in four years, and that is all we have to say about our national government. Our candidates are chosen for us: once they are in office, they may do as they please. And, so far as I can find out, they do as their friends please, and the outside public is left to fare as best it may."

"But," inquired the Neighbor, "will not these things be set right when General Harrison becomes President? You must surely have forgotten that he was elected as the candidate of the party that is pledged to reform the Tariff as the friend of the Tariff, and to establish a reform such as could never have been accomplished by the Democratic enemies of the Tariff—a reform which will bring prosperity to every industry of the country. With such a prospect in view you ought surely to await the Fourth of March in serene confidence of such a re-adjustment of our customs tariff as will protect your industry without injuring any other."

"And why," inquired the Middle-Aged Man, "should I expect any thing of the sort? The party which elected the next President has shown the position it takes on such matters. It will not reduce the duty on the wool which I use. On the contrary, it increases the duty, in consideration of the fact that some day, under some extraordinary conditions, such wool may be grown in this country. Am I right, or am I wrong, to sit on this stile and whittle? What have I else to do?"

"But," demanded the Neighbor, "is not Mr. Harrison—"

"A good and honest man? I think so. I have no doubt he is. But what has he to do with this matter? Have you heard any thing to lead you to suppose that he is concerning himself with such matters of statecraft? Have you any idea that he is considering the question of what is best for the business of the country? What he has to do—and he must be a clever man to do it—is to reconcile the various factions of his party; to force all its members into loyal obedience, and so to apportion the offices that no influential politician will be disappointed. I am afraid that this job will occupy all his time. He has only four years in which to satisfy all the politicians.

"And the people? Well, the people will go on paying taxes and customs duties. That's what they're there for."

Our young contemporary, *Life*, indignantly denies that the very undignified figure by which it recently typified *Scribner's Magazine* was intended for a caricature of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. This statement confirms us in a belief we have long held, that our contemporary frequently inserts cartoons without looking at them. The figure is, unmistakably, a travesty of the famous Alexander portrait in the *Century*. The pose is the same, precisely, and if the likeness is not so good as it might be, it is owing solely to the limitations of the artist. Our young friend would do well to examine its own cartoon, and to remember, hereafter, that only in a certain class of college papers is it considered funny to be rude to ones elders.

AND NEEDED IT BADLY.





OF COURSE I loved him. (One, two, three,
And slip the fourth.) Dear fellow! yes,
He fairly worshiped me. (Now look;
This time you take two stitches less.)
Quite tall, well-built; his eyes were gray —
(You pull that thread the other way,

Two loops.) A dimple in his chin,
The sweetest hair. (My dear, observe.)
He was a poet. (This begins
The second row, and makes the curve.)
I'm sure you'd like to read the rhymes
He wrote me. ('Round the edge, three times

Poor boy! His fate was very sad;
He died quite young. (Another one,
But not so tight.) It broke my heart.
(There, that is *very* nicely done.)
He was my first love, and — my last.
Be careful, dear; don't go so fast.)

My husband? Oh, the kindest soul!
I met him (now, the pattern shows!)
In Europe. We were married there;
And — oh, well, yes! — as marriage goes,
I'm happy. (Keep the thread quite straight,
Or it will tangle.) Such is fate!

Madeline S. Bridges.

ART THAT IS N'T ART.

OF THE making of art eccentricities there seems to be no end. We all have seen the wooden ship under full sail, tacked against a background of wood painted to represent the sky and sea, and we have tried to picture to ourselves the chagrin that the jack-knife artist must have experienced when dwelling on the fact that he could not glue real water under the ship.

We have seen a howling cataract of real water boiling through a tin wilderness on the stage, while the manager stood beneath a jutting rock, under the sizzling vortex, counting the house through a peephole.

This kind of thing should be suppressed, if for the sake of art only.

After awhile, people may want nothing but pictures that protrude from their backgrounds, and it will be a common thing to hang objects on the Towering Oak just beside the Old Mill. Artists will then make their studies in wax, and afterward construct moulds in which they can make *papier maché* landscapes, and paint them the necessary colors after they harden. They could be made this way, frame and all, and after the artist had made, say five, he could break the mould, as an etcher is supposed to break his plate when he has struck off a certain number of pictures. And the backs of the pictures could be filled with some material that they could not be dented like hollow andirons. It would be pleasant to observe a marine painter, going down the strand to take a waxen impression of a breaker, and it would be pleasant, when a customer should call to see if his Gloucester picture were finished, to have the painter tell him it is out on the window-sill cooling off.

Why should a dog be constructed of cloth to act as a pen-wiper, and have red spots on him for the red-ink pen?

Would it not be as sensible to hang cuttle-fishes in a plumbing establishment, for the plumber to sharpen his bill on?

And why should a book that does n't treat of dry-goods or dry-goods life be bound in plush?

There is no art in this, unless it be the art of the artist in making an inartistic object appear the genuine article. It might be appropriately called Boston fooling with Kalamazoo; for if any of the so-called artistic things mentioned herein are really artistic, then the big slouch hat is an indication of musical genius in the wearer, and the fish-ball, being half potato, is an amphibian.

R. K. M.

DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

"Who was that man who was talking with you about the perils of ocean travel at this season of the year?" asked Rutherford Patterson: "he spoke like an experienced voyager."

"He is one," returned Franklin de Belleville: "he has crossed on these Jersey ferry-boats every day for five years."

IT IS EASIER for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for the savage to get through his need of an idol.

A CHINESE ACTOR does n't take his cue from the prompter. He takes it from his head.

THE PEN OF A JACKASS is more dangerous in these days than his jaw-bone was in Samson's.

WHENEVER IT is found that ordinary news will occupy more than half of a newspaper, an extra sheet is inserted to cover gossip about actresses.

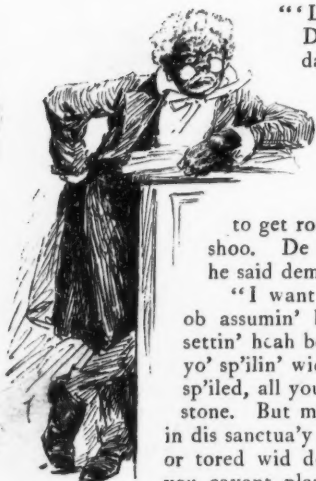
SUPERSTITION IS RIDICULOUS, of course; but what man would not think it luckier to receive twenty dollars a week instead of thirteen?



A PARK MEETING.

TOOTSEY.—Hullo, Tot!
TOT.—Hullo, Tootsey!
TOOTSEY.—Dot any tigarettes 'bout 'oo? Left mine home — goo, goo!

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON
OF THE
REV. SIM GOOSEBERRY, 'POSSUM BOTTOM, WEST VA.



"LET HIM who am widout sin cast de fust stone. Dem am de wo'ds ob de tex', an' dey mean jes' dis: dat if any ob you bruddahs an' sistahs t'inks dat you done hab no onriness in you, you kin git on'ry mighty quick if you jine firin' rocks at each oder.

"I jes' want to impress myself upon de archives ob assumin', by sayin' dat de bruddah an' sistah dat begins de rockin', is gwine to get rocked back; an' den de sin 'll begin to come, shoo. De Lo'd knowed what he was about when he said dem wo'ds.

"I want to impress myself upon de archives ob assumin' by tellin' you bruddahs an' sistahs settin' heah befo' me in yo' ca'nal secu'ity, dat if yo' sp'ilin' wid goodness, an' wants to git on-sp'iled, all you hab fo' to do is to fiah dat fust stone. But ma'k de wo'ds dat I am reiteratin' in dis sanctua'y; if any ob you gits cut or bruised, or tored wid de stones ob sin dat 'll be a-flyin', you cayant play de sp'iled rabbit game when you gits befo' de Lo'd.

"When ole Aunt 'Liza Davis gits done tryin' fo' to git her foot on de bench fo' to sit on, I 'll reiterate de parable ob de sp'iled rabbit. Dah am no use in a sistah dat weighs two hundred and fifty pound distu'bin' de sanctua'y, tryin' fo' to sit on her foot.

"Once dah was a young rabbit dat got tiahed ob libbin at home wid her Mammy in de turnip patch wheah she was born. One mornin' she says to her Mammy: 'Mammy, I want to go down to dat briah patch yondah?'

"Den de young rabbit's Mammy she say: 'What fo' you want to go down dah to de briah patch fo', dawter? Don' you go, chile. Stay yeah at home wid yo' Mammy in de turnip patch, wha de libbin's good, an' you am in no dangah. Stay heah till you gits mo' sense. Don' you go, honey!'

"I hab sense enough now,' says de young rabbit, 'an' I'm gwine

down to dat briah patch.' An' off she went hoppitty-jumpitty to de briah patch, switchin' her eahs, an' bobbin' her tail, an' wigglin' herse'f full ob contemptuity.

"De ole Mammy rabbit, she sat dah in de turnip patch, lookin' ober her spectacles—wise-lookin'—an' noddin' her head, an' sayin' nothin'. Jes' thinkin' ob her own experience. By an' by, to'ards ebenin', back comes de young rabbit all tored, an' scratched, an' bleedin', an' rumpitty up. De ole Mammy rabbit, she looked at her wid de feelin's ob mamminess wa'min' her bosom, an' she ax her: 'What sp'iled you so, dawter? What make you all tore, an' scratched, an' rumpitty up. Who sp'iled you so dat way?'

"Den de young rabbit she drop her eahs down ober her eyes, an' she say: 'Mammy, when you gits into a briah patch, how is you gwine to tell which ob de briaahs sp'iles you?'

"Dat's it! If you gits in a sin fight, how is you goin' to tell which ob de sins hits you?'

Tobe Hodge.



TRUE FREE-HEARTEDNESS.

SCOLLINS (the tramp).—It's alway generous you was, Mike.

A NEEDED IMPROVEMENT.

"These Elevated railroads are a complete triumph of human ingenuity!" enthusiastically exclaimed the man from the country.

"Oh, they are, are they?" sarcastically observed Mr. L. Rhoades; and, then, lifting the window—"don't you think the acoustics would be improved if there was only placed on top of each car a man with a bass drum, to equalize the racket?"

THEIR FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

MR. WASHINGTON PYE (opening his pipe-case).—Eh? What's this, my dear—where's my meerschaum?

MRS. WASHINGTON PYE (with beaming eyes).—Why, I saw it was stained nearly black, so I bought you this nice new white one to surprise you with on our wedding day. And it was such a bargain, too! The man says it's warranted never to stain.

MR. WASHINGTON PYE (setting bundle on table).—That's very kind of you, of course, my dear, and thank you; only I really prefer the old one. But, see, I thought I'd give you a little surprise. That's just as good a piece of silk as a woman needs to wear. I paid two dollars a yard for it.

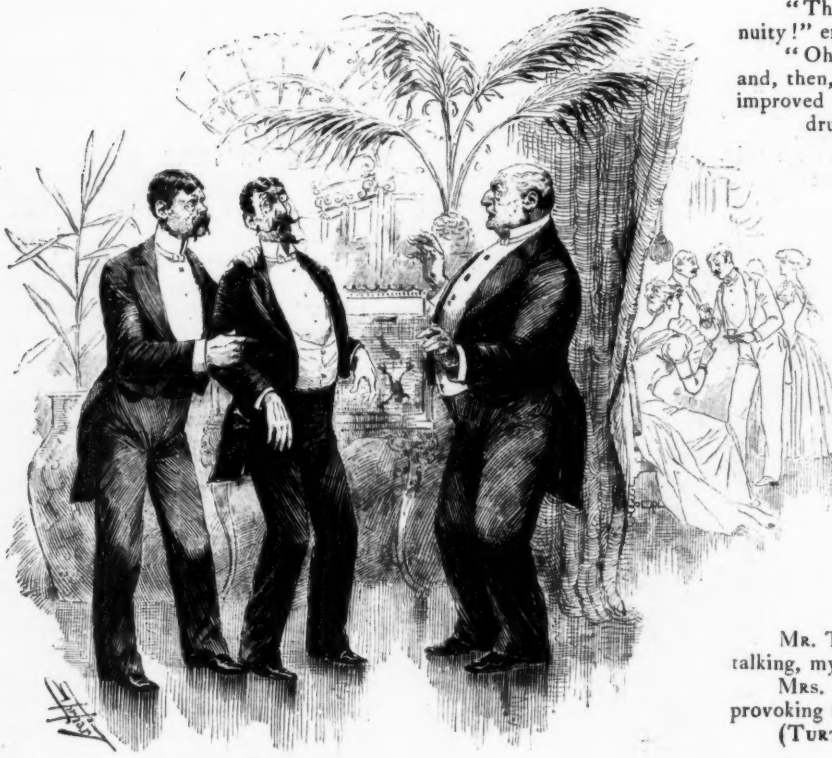
MRS. WASHINGTON PYE (examining it).—So kind of you, darling! Just exactly the same quality that I saw in Tape & Button's yesterday, for one-fifty!

THE LAST WORD.

MR. TURTLEDOVE (in the course of his daily spat).—There's no use talking, my dear. A woman is always bound to have the last word!

MRS. TURTLEDOVE.—No, she is n't; and you would n't say such provoking things if you did n't know I would deny them!

(TURTLEDOVE'S discreet silence proves the truth of his statement.)



AN IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (at the Vondervelt reception).—I'm very sorry, Sir; but I caught this gent stealing.

MR. VONDERVELT.—What! the Count d'Omelay, of France? Impossible! What did he steal?

PRIVATE DETECTIVE.—I seen him backin' up against the aquarium, fishin' out frogs.

IT'S A WISE BOARDER that knows his own fodder.

NIAGARA FALLS, Cedric, because its bed can not hold it up.

HAMLET WENT MAD because he had no chance to obtain justice. The Courts will pay no attention to "a deed without a name."

IN BUSINESS. — VI.

THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.



THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK hangs, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, and he sustains himself in his position only by the exercise of great delicacy combined with strength of mind and a wholesome hopefulness.

He is not a partner — and he may never be. Yet he is not quite as the other clerks. If he fails to become, in the end, a member of the firm, his position is one of greater honor than profit. He has a great deal of sauce to a small and unsatisfying pudding. This dire possibility, ever before his eyes, inclines him to a judicious humility. Yet, if he should enter the firm, it will go ill for him if he have forgotten, during his period of probation, that he was not as the other clerks.

The delicacy of his position shows forth most clearly at the luncheon hour.

He may not lunch with the Firm, unless the Firm invites him to discuss some special business. He can not join the throng of irresponsible clerks who frequent the cheaper eating-houses of the neighborhood, and make a daily picnic of their midday-hour of freedom. That were unfitting the dignity of one who may some day sit in the grand and gloomy peculiarity of the Private Office. Besides, it leads to entangling alliances. Besides, they do not want him, those irresponsible clerks, and he knows it. His presence would chill the genial current of their souls, and freeze the mirth in their hearts and on their lips. The Clerk-who-can-imitate-the-Old-Man — where is there a house without a clerk who can imitate the Old Man? — would be shut off from his repertoire of mockery. The Grumbling Clerk would perforce be silent. The Clerk-who-knows-just-how-this-Business-should-be-run would have to say far less than he knew. And the Sporting Clerk — what would become of his sparkling anecdotes of his own prowess and his distinguished successes?

And yet it will not do for one who is, all told, but a clerk, to lunch in solitary grandeur. This is the problem before the Confidential Clerk, and he has but two ways of solving it. He may choose for his noontide companion some man in the house whose position and interests are so widely different from his own as to put him outside of all possibility of competitive jealousy — as, for instance, the manager of what is paradoxically called an "independent branch" of the business — or he must find another confidential clerk in some other office, and go off with him to a confidential luncheon.

All Confidential Clerks are much alike in the early stages of their existence. You can see very little of the real insect, hidden in his protective chrysalis of diplomacy. One may have a more — or a less — offensively magnanimous way of saying to some clerk who will never be "confidential": "Mr. Johnson, will you be so kind as to write to Shave and Company about Lateley's note?"; but they all are suave, careful, colorless beings, withdrawn into their lonely little limbo of Confidential-Clerkship.

But there comes a point where they divide into two classes — the successful and the unsuccessful Confidential Clerk. The successful one becomes a partner; and after that new birth, it is for him as though he had never been a clerk. And so he passes from our present consideration. But there remains the Confidential Clerk who to the end of his days is but a Confidential Clerk. And how poor with him is the estate that in the beginning was so great! For to be a Confidential Clerk as a prelude (or pre-labor,) to something better is a sweet and beautiful thing; but to be a confidential clerk for a genteel permanence of hopeless servitude is bitter, and bitterer with each year that goes by.

There are thousands of good men condemned to this fate by no fault of their own that even the censorious may tax them withal. These are men who have the power of getting "so far, and no farther" — as the common phrase has it. They are not failures in what they are; they are failures in what they might be. For the distinguishing characteristic of the successful Confidential Clerk is his obvious and undeniable fitness for a higher position. He is a Confidential Clerk only because he clearly can not be kept in that position. But not every Confidential Clerk bears the sign of success on his brow.

There was old Boody, for instance — old Boody of our own house, Confidential Clerk in days long gone by. He is not often spoken of now; yet he lived and died the Confidential Clerk of the concern, and the *Journal of Commerce* gave him two inches and a half of obituary notice when he died.

It would be hard to say just when or why or how it became clear to the minds of the Firm and the Firm's clerks that old Boody — middle-aged Boody then — was destined to be and remain a Confidential Clerk all his life; but, somehow, it became generally understood, and nobody, not even Boody himself, ever questioned the justice of that unpronounced verdict. He had served ten years as clerk; through five of those weary years he had grown into a confidential place; and through all the years of his service he had been faithful, conscientious, capable; ready and able to take every burden laid upon him. And now his reward was to bear his burdens to the day of his death, (for he was middle-aged, and had no heart for new service under new masters,) to get a trifle more pay, perhaps, a great deal of respect and courtesy; but never, never to be a partner in the firm: never to have the one ambition of his hard-working life.

I have no doubt that the Old Man was sorry for Boody. I have no doubt that when he decided that Boody should forever be Boody, and never even a part of a "Co." he knew what he was about, and knew that he was right. Our house was not an ephemeral association of money-getters. It was a great commercial concern, founded in the last century; built to last. The Old Man knew just what timber was needed; just what stones must be rejected. He knew that old Boody could not check the speculative spirit of juniors to come; could not initiate and carry out the great ventures which gave the firm its strength. No doubt he knew best.

But it was hard on Boody. At the close of office hours, on Winter days, when he wrapped his long brown worsted muffler three or four times about his neck, between the velvet collar of his overcoat and his gray, stubby beard, I always thought that he reflected on his position. The Old Man's coupé called for him; but it was Brooklyn ferry and jingling horse-cars for Boody. He was greatly respected in the office and among his own friends. But he never moved from the little house in South Brooklyn that he bought before he became a Confidential Clerk, and he died there — a Confidential Clerk.

William of Lading.

A DIFFERENT STICK.

"How's this?" inquired the city editor: "I told you to make a 'stick' of this story, and here you bring me in a report a yard long."

"I'm sorry," returned the new reporter; "but you see I used to be a clerk in a dry-goods store."

SUE.—No, divorce is not a mistake. It is merely the correction of a Miss-take.

WHEN THERE IS a commotion in school, the wise teacher pours oil on the troubled waters — whale oil.

THE WAY of the transgressor may be hard; but he does n't seem to get particularly foot-sore.

"NOTHING ABOUT the dead except their goods," is the modern version.

THE COLOR-BLIND MAN should not feel entirely miserable. He can at least gaze at a modern stained-glass window without dizziness.



"Are Marriage a Failure?"

"ARE MARRIAGE A FAILURE?" said the man who never went home, clasping his knee with both hands, and looking meditatively at the bar-room stove. "I notice this remark have been made into the papers lately, 'n' there appear to be somethin' of an argument goin' on. Now, ain't that a redeckelous waste of time, discussin' a point that Nature hev settled long ago, to her own sadasfaction? All we got to do is—look around us! Look at the public schools, the skating renks, the baby carriages into the parks—there's where we git the question answered, fair an' square! Do this risin' generation look as if marriage were a failure? Do it look so?"

"Well, in that respect, of course," spoke up the man who always drank cider, and seldom had any thing to say; "children is a good deal; but there's other considerations, too—children ain't the main spring."

"They're the off-spring," said the man who never went home, rebukingly; "children ain't the cause of marriage, marriage are the cause of them. Children is the off-spring, man! If a person goin' to use language, let him use it. Other considerations? I should say there was. Marriage is chock full of 'em. There's pervidin' 'n' there's tempers 'n' there's accidents 'n'—'n'—there's your wife's relations. Considerations? Their name is legend. Single life ain't nothin' to compare with married life in this pertikeler."

"No, it ain't; you bet your pile!" said the man who was n't married, and never intended to be, laughing jocosely. "I tell you, now, single life got blessings, now you—"

"But there's one thing that are quite clear in my mind, boys," was the loftily ignoring rejoinder; "there mought be a question whether marriage are a failure; but there ain't no question about single life. It are the deadeest kind of a failure! The man don't exist," glancing scornfully at the contentedly smiling bachelor, "that got the cheek to stand up 'n' deny that! Single life! Just let all the world turn in 'n' practice it strickly for three or four generations; there would n't be a livin' soul left to tell what a failure it is. My opinion are that the person that first started this hooray ain't never bin married. He's jest runnin' wild on theories."

"Well, now, marriage is a failure to some people," said the man whose wife had left him and gone to live with her folks in Iowa; "there's no gettin' away from that."

"Marriage ain't the failure; it's the man that's the failure!" The promptness of this reply caused the individual who had drawn it forth to gaze abstractedly out of the window for some moments. "There's people in this world that *everything*'s a failure to! Shavin' is a failure to some men; they can't do it for their-



"TOO MUCH EXPOSURE."

JOE KAMMEKER (to JACK BILLINGTON and NELLIE COOINGTON, who have dropped in to have a flash-light picture taken by that distinguished amateur).—I trust you won't mind being in the dark for a while, as I must turn off the gas in order to take the picture!



If this photograph is correct, evidently they did not object to the darkness.

selves; they got to go 'round the corner, to the barber's. Eatin' 'n' drinkin' is a failure, especially drinkin', when you don't know when to stop; 'n' all you fellers recognize the fact that any kind of work are a failure when you don't want to do it. But are it the fault of these simple duties I bin namin' if they ain't performed right, or are it the fault of the people that can't get away with them? No, no, no, boys, marriage ain't no failure!

It's the biggest kind of success that's bin made sence the beginnin' of the world. 'N' come to think of it, that was the very time it commenced. The first pair that ever came on 'arth started in with married life 'n' sech housekeepin' as the garden afforded; 'n' you may bet your boots, the last pair 'll do the same, even if there ain't a garden left to settle in. Come on, boys, we got to drink the health of marriage, sure!

Madeline S. Bridges.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

"How are you, Jacob?" exclaimed Upson Downes, as he cast his fur gauntlets on the pawnbroker's table: "what can you let me have on them until to-morrow?"

"Vell, Esau," replied the cautious money-lender, as he looked on the well-worn articles, "since I haf known you so long, I guess you may haf the price of a mess of pottage!"



A HARDENED VILLAIN.

N. Y. JUDGE (to CRIMINAL).—And the sentence of the Court is that you be shocked with electricity until you are dead, and may—CRIMINAL (interrupting).—That's played out, Judge. You can't work that on me.

N. Y. JUDGE.—Silence in the Court! What's the matter?

CRIMINAL.—Electricity won't shock me, Judge. Nothing else, either. I've read "The Quick or the Dead?"

DIVERS DIALOGUES.

GOING TO BE STILL RARER.

"This is a beautiful etching," said the dealer, as he held it up and eyed it sideways.

"What is it?" asked the stranger.

"It is the Produce Exchange, and it is going to be very rare."

The stranger said nothing.

"I can guarantee you," remarked the dealer, "that only fifty have been printed—after the printing of the fiftieth the plate was broken."

"I will take them all," replied the stranger.

"Are you a dealer?" asked the picture man.

"No," replied the stranger; "I am a friend of art."

"And what do you intend to do with the etchings?"

"Send them forth to join the plate."

HE WAKED THE DEAD.

GIBBON (as he goes out).—Bah Jove, Barker, that fellow Chatterly is simply wonderful. How dwamatic the way he tells his funny stowies!

CARPER.—Very dramatic; but then, you know, he gets them all from theatre programmes.

THE SIGN OF THE SEX.



HOFFMAN HOWES.—Good gwacious, Gibby, what 's the mattah? I never saw you look so dweadfully flushed.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Awful mawtification, Huffy! I was standing in the car, and a man got up, saying, "Pway take this seat, Miss!" I'll nevah go out without my single eye-glass again.

HEREDITY.

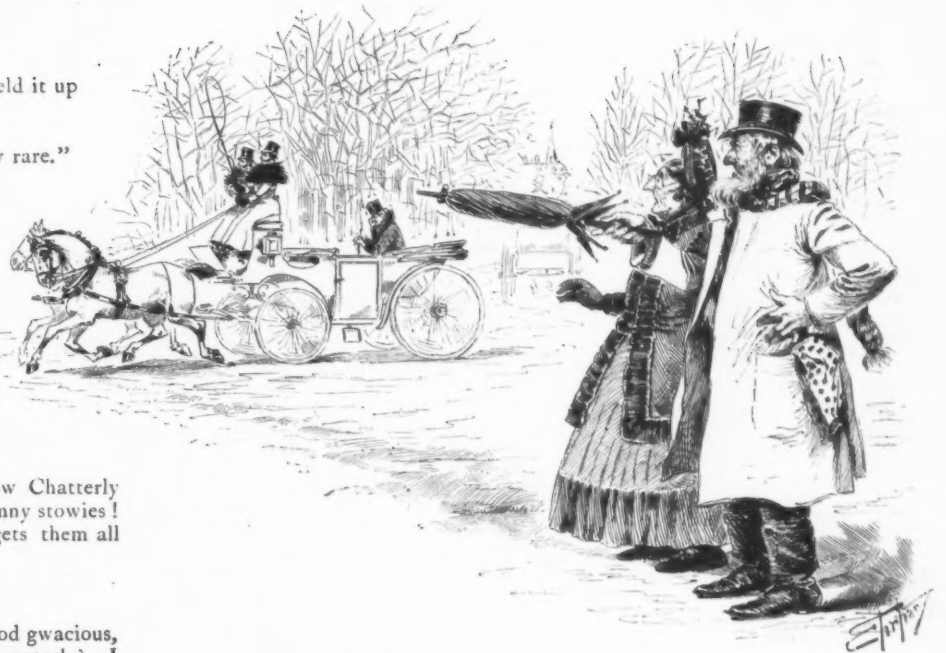
OLD JAMES BROWN STONE.—More money? Why, Jack, I'm astounded! When I was twenty, I lived on fifteen dollars a week.

JACK STONE (modestly).—That may be, Father; but you know you did n't marry until you were forty; and I suppose I've inherited your forty-year old habits.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

"I suppose," said Upton meekly to the real-estate agent, "that if I hire this flat from you, I will be allowed to sleep in it when I am tired."

"Well, yes," returned the autocrat, adding a new clause to the conditions of the lease, "provided you don't snore!"



A TRIBUTE FROM SQUASH HOLLOW.

MR. TIMOTHY CLOVER.—Thar 's whar you see ginooine New York charity, Sally. Jist look at them two howlin' swells takin' that little puckered-up old man out for an airin'!

A NEW LONGINUS.

"The punster," remarked Chatterly, "must not consider himself the soul of wit; he is only the sole of it."

And Carper murmured: "His own example strengthens all his laws."

A BROWN STUDY.

Oh, Mother, mix the buckwheat cakes,
And beat the bubbling batter,
Then let it fall in flopping flakes,
To slowly spread and spatter;
But don't forget the whole Art lies
In letting each cake run
Till tinged like tawny storm-swept skies
The deepest shade of dun.

K. W. R.

A NEW ADMINISTRATION.



THE BIGGEST SCHOLAR.—So you're the new teacher? Wa-al, I guess you won't last no longer 'n the rest of 'em; us fellers has licked 'em all, one after t' other!

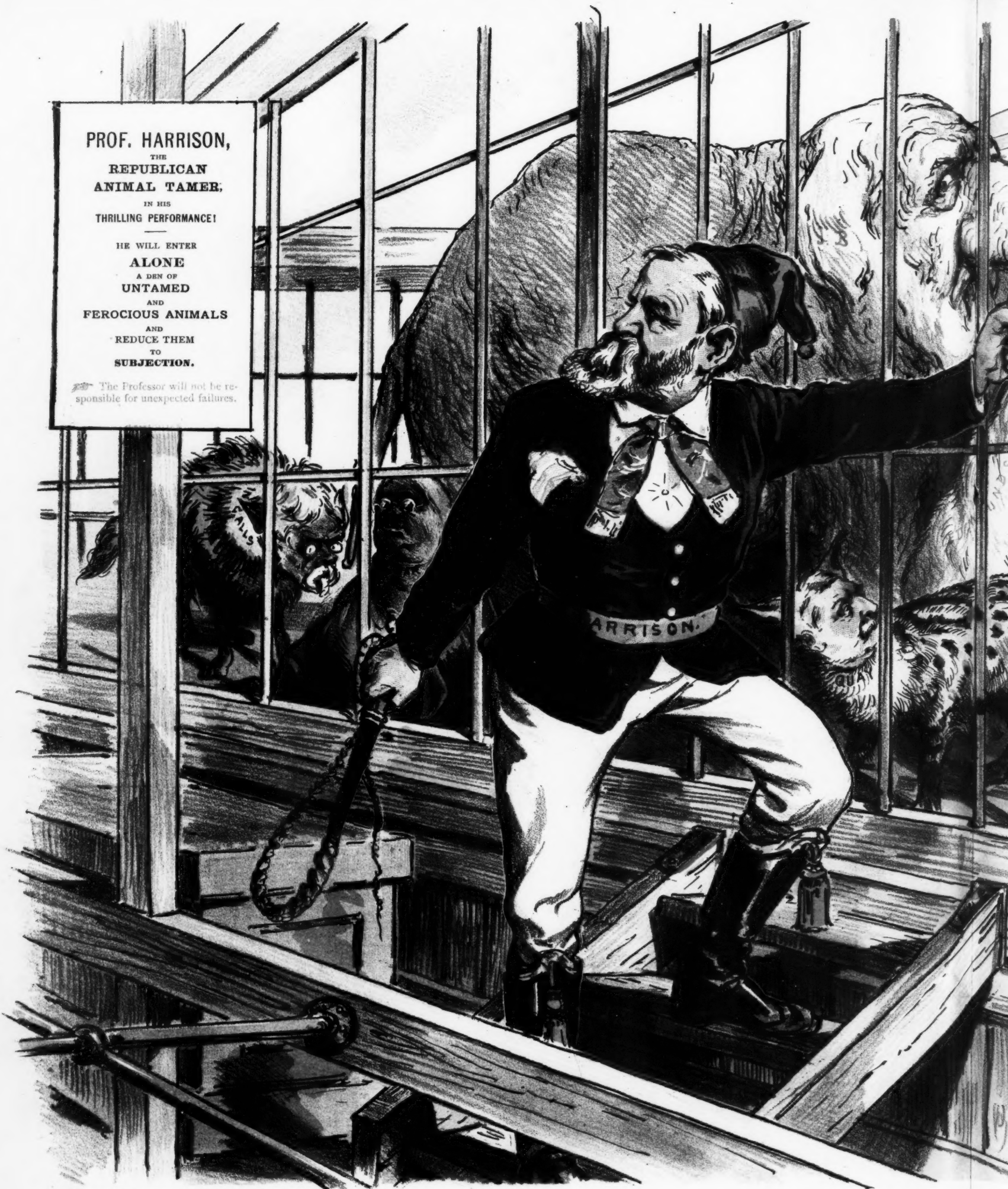


THE NEW TEACHER.—Now, children, you may take your seats, after which we will commence the day's exercises by singing that beautiful song, beginning—
"We are happy little scholars, and we love our pleasant school;
And we love our gentle teacher, and obey his kindly rule."

PROF. HARRISON,
THE
REPUBLICAN
ANIMAL TAMER,
IN HIS
THRILLING PERFORMANCE!

HE WILL ENTER
ALONE
A DEN OF
UNTAMED
AND
FEROCIOUS ANIMALS
AND
REDUCE THEM
TO
SUBJECTION.

The Professor will not be responsible for unexpected failures.



J. Ottumann, Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

THE REPUBLICAN H
GENERAL HARRISON, THE MENAGERIE MONARCH.—Ladies and Gentlemen, the animals are

PUCK.



AMERICAN HAPPY FAMILY.

the animals are a little obstreperous just now; but we'll soon see who's going to be Boss!

THE COUNTRY BUNCO-STEERER.

THE STORY of the unsophisticated hayseed being relieved of his shining gold by the flashy swell, who recognizes him on the street as an old friend, has been told so often that one would naturally suppose that that is all that can be related on the subject.

But this is not so. The rural districts have many bunco-steerers, who lie in wait for the urbanite who settles in the blooming lea to squander the dollars of New York in New Jersey.

These bunco-steerers are innocent-looking yokels, who don't appear to be overstocked with every-day intelligence, and no city man would ever imagine them capable of fleecing him.

They don't step up and say, "Are you Mr. Smith, of Rochester?" and follow it up by inquiring after the health of the family.

They go to the barber-shop, that boundless bureau of information in every town, and ask:

"Who is that man who just moved into the yellow house on Brick Hill?"

"Bunkard!" replies the barber, as he gives his victim a spirited upper cut.

Then the bunco-steerer mounts his stilts, and struggles through the incarnadined mud to the residence of Mr. Bunkard.

After the door is opened, he says:

"Is Mr. Bunkard in?"

And when he is told that Mr. Bunkard is in, and Mr. Bunkard appears, the rural bunco-steerer asks:

"Ah, Mr. Bunkard, would you like to buy some hickory at five dollars per cord?"

As a matter of fact, hickory is so scarce that carriage makers use ash when they make hickory wheels; but Mr. Bunkard does not know this. He would know how to take the farmer in in a Wall Street grain-pool in which there is no grain; but when it comes to firewood, he does not even know that hickory is superior to pine. So he orders two cords of hickory, and in the course of a few days receives one cord of chestnut, for which he pays ten dollars.

Then the bunco-steerer goes to the florist and tells him what an easy victim Mr. Bunkard is; and in a few days the florist goes around and sells Mr. Bunkard a dozen onions for Roman hyacinths. But he first dips them into hot water, that they may not develop and expose the swindle.

In the spring-time, these creatures who live on the fat of the city man, come around to rake up the place, and remove the dead leaves and ashes. They make a bargain to do it for fifteen dollars. Mr. Bunkard thus thinks he is getting a bargain, and he orders them to go ahead. They start at eight in the morning, and have the job finished by noon-time; and when he comes home at four they are waiting for their money.

After a day or two, Mr. Bunkard is told by a plumber that he ought to have his place cleaned up. But he does not suspect that the first cleaners up purposely left it in such a state that he would have to employ others. So the plumber sends his brother up, and he gathers ten dollars for doing the job that was only worth five to start on.

In the summer, a man comes and offers to cut the grass for two dollars per day; and he purposely runs Mr. Bunkard's lawn mower over stones and breaks it beyond repair. Then he recommends Mr. Bunkard to get a Paracelsus mower down in the village, at Crowley's; and if he does so, Crowley gives the bunco-laborer a good commission; and whether he does or not, the laborer secures a day's employment raking the stones out of the grass.

When he renders his bill, he adds a day that he never put in on the place; and if Mr. Bunkard mentions it, he says it was a rainy day, and that he spent it chopping up barrels for kindling wood in the cellar. Then he, the bunco-steerer, has the expressman drive off the roadway a foot or so and hack the lawn to pieces, to create a fresh job.

In the autumn, Mr. Bunkard is waited upon by a man who tells him that if he wants a green lawn next summer he must have some fertilizer put on. Then he suggests that a blind drain be put down the middle of the road, to keep it from being washed up against the house and down the cellar windows. After he has left with an order, his brother calls on Mr. Bunkard, under a different name, to see if he can sell him a

barrel of cider. The cider which is short in measure, is put in the cellar to develop into vinegar. Mr. Bunkard is told that it will be vinegar in three months, and the vender leaves a small hole in the barrel so that it is soon empty, and Mr. Bunkard never learns that it originally contained water.

And in the winter it is just the same; for at that season Mr. Bunkard employs a man to care for his furnace, and he leaves all the drafts on and burns up all the coal he can in the interest of the coal dealer; and occasionally lets it go out at night to freeze the pipes, in the interest of the plumber.

And so, year after year, the country bunco-steerer works his little game, and has the art to conceal his art in such a way that he is universally regarded as pure as the white rose at his peaceful sill, and one who ought not to be allowed to go off the farm alone.

R. K. M.

A THEATRICAL ITEM.

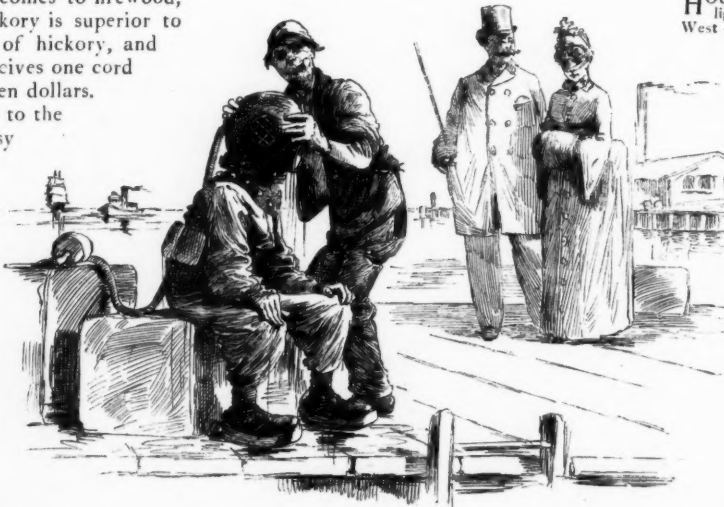
Playing to Crowded Houses.

BREAKING THE ICE.

MR. SLOPAC. — Er — ah — do you sing "Whistle, and I'll Come to You, my Lad?"

MISS LIEPYER. — I don't sing; but perhaps you can whistle, and — I might try the rest.

AN EXPOSÉ.



MISS TREMLOW (who is being shown over the break-water). — What a horrible appearance that helmet gives a man! I should think that even on the score of looks he'd be glad to be out of it!

HOUSEWORK — Wanted, a strong, smart young girl to do light house work about 16 years; reference. Call at — West — Street. — Evening Paper.

We believe it is customary to marry a girl of this description when she is expected to do housework for sixteen years; it certainly should be more economical, as a wife gets no wages.

EUROPE is as peaceful as the mining-camp where every man is a dead shot.

A CRIMINAL MAY NOT court death; but in N. Y. State he sparks it.

WHAT THE social system of England needs most is a blood-purifier.

THE "SOFTENED STRIPE" was even more popular in the days of the whipping-post than now.

WHETHER MARRIAGE is a failure or not, the run on the bank continues.



DIVER'S ASSISTANT. — Casey ain't, Ma'am!

A SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

I AM NO MEDIUM; indeed, I am rather skeptical than otherwise as regards spiritualism; but I have thought best that I should relate my experience. The other night while waiting for an inspiration — for I am a poet — I felt my pen controlled by some unseen agency, and in a few minutes the following had been written. I wish to impress upon the reader that I have no desire to claim the verses as my own, and I should think that no self-respecting ghost would wish to do so, either:



THE SPIRIT'S LAMENT.

"As a spirit vague and misty,
View I this familiar land,
And I'm plagued by doubts and troubles,
Things I can not understand;
I had thought once that forever
I had quit this earthly sphere;
And, it seems hard to believe it,
Though I've gone, I still am here."

There is a slight vagueness in this verse; but I think that I can comprehend what his ghostship is trying to say. The rest is a little clearer:

"And the things that I discover
Fill my heart with grief and woe,
For I see my best girl flirting
With some other chap below.
True, she knows not that I'm near her,
That I hear each word she says,
The same sweet and tender nothings,
Told to me in former days."

"Last night as alone she pondered
'Neath the stars and moon so still,
I drew near her and embraced her
Till she seemed to have a chill;
And my earthly rival whispered
Something that I could not hear;
But I knew she understood him,
As she called him 'Willie, dear.'"

"Oh, ye rampant, sneering skeptics,
Listen —"

Just here something seemed to get the best of the departed mortal; or, perhaps he realized his inability to write poetry, for my pen stopped short. I am sorry for him; but if any other spooks desire to communicate with their friends on earth, I would be obliged if they would kindly give their name and address before indulging in any such rhapsodies, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Flavel S. Mines.

ASTRONOMERS PROBABLY use globe sights when hunting for new worlds.

THE DIME MUSEUM wonder is never so happy and proud as when, instead of a "freak," he is called a "curio."

THE JAPANESE gold fish very naturally has a fan-tail.

A BOY IN an Irish school thought "canteen" a numeral.

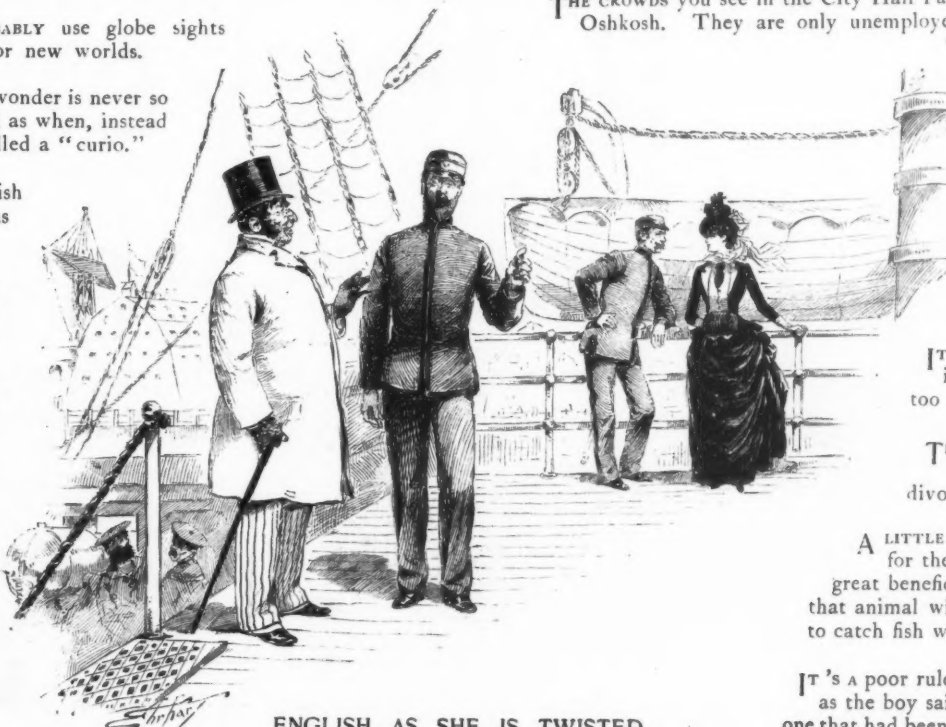
PAN is not dead, and, therefore, is not a dust pan.

SOCIETY TURNS OUT more hotel than house wives.

CHEAP JEWELRY is a thing that is generally beaten all hollow.

A ROAD BED — The Tramp's.

A PLEASURE CRAFT — The Baseball Profession.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS TWISTED.

MR. SHOREBY.—Who's that awfully pretty woman over there?
ENSIGN SEAVEY.—That's one of the lieutenants' wives!
MR. SHOREBY.—Which one?



THE MODERN WAY.

MR. SILBERSTEIN (on whom the SHERIFF is levying).—Mein gracious! can'd I hev a leedle more time, mein fren?

THE SHERIFF.—Not by a blamed sight! This is one of them executions by 'lectricity you've read of.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF OFFICE.

PRESIDENT-ELECT.—Elijah, put down that fellow who sent me the buzzard for the mission to Kamschatka. He really deserves something better for his party services; but the horned-toad patriot and the two-headed snake man must be provided with places before him.

PERFECT MASSACHUSETTS CONGENIALITY.

JOHN CARVER BACKBAY (of Boston, who has just proposed and been accepted, and has taken from the lips of his betrothed that icy confection, a Boston kiss).—And our love, Marian, will outlast life — will — er — live through the æons of time, for it is based on the closest psychological affinities. From the great to the small, our feelings, our loves, our tastes are one. I noted, with what seems like a curious premonition, soon after we met, that we even used the same odor of sachet powder!

IT'S a good thing beauty is only skin deep. If beauty of some types should strike in any deeper, it would probably prove fatal.

THE CROWDS you see in the City Hall Park are not office-seekers, Mr. Oshkosh. They are only unemployed men, who sit there all day "looking for work."

THE MAN who crushes like a wild Zulu into the Elevated cars, will wrestle for ten minutes every morning over a shoe-string that has lost its brass tip. This fact in human nature accounts for all the hurry that the skies look down upon.

IT is rumored that a banjo club is to be started uptown. It is too horrible a subject to jest on.

THE ACTRESS who hopes to be well advertised should keep a divorce suit in her wardrobe.

A LITTLE GIRL, observing a rhinoceros for the first time, descanted on the great beneficence of Nature, in supplying that animal with a horn-hook on its nose to catch fish with.

IT'S a poor rule that won't work both ways, as the boy said, when he threw back the one that had been hurled at him by his teacher.

A PITTSBURGH MAN has named his fast horse "Everything," because everything goes.

**Ed. Brown's
Ginger**
ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
U.S.A.

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FOR
CRAMPS & COLIC**

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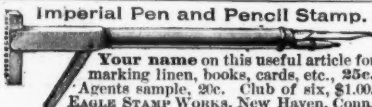
ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without re-loading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory where the camera can be sent to be re-loaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "press the button,"—we do the rest.

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

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"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."



Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 20c. Club of six, \$1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

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Spring Styles of these celebrated fabrics specially attractive in design and coloring.

**Broadway & 19th St.
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Patent Covers for *filing* PUCK 75c. By mail, \$1.

POINTERS FOR ADVERTISERS.

Breadmakers wanted. Must not be loafers. Twenty Italian laborers, just imported, who can live on fifteen cents a day, to be hired out cheap.

A young gentleman possessing a magnificent fur-lined overcoat, also superb diamond breast-pin, is open to an engagement in theatrical company.

A young lady required to tend soda water fountain in dry town. One who would n't object to be winked at by male customers preferred.

A first-class poet required by advertising agency. Long hair not necessary.

To be sold cheap, a first-class base-ball player; also, alderman, in good condition.

Men that can't read or write wanted for Pennsylvania coal mines. No Americans need apply.

A young gentleman of refinement and cultivation, who has had a first-rate classical education and can sing, play, or dance, desires an easy, lucrative position in mercantile firm.

A young gentleman desires position in publisher's office. Has been employed for five years by a well-known bookmaker.

A glass blower wanted. Parties who do their blowing over a glass not required.

Wanted to purchase old brass. Politicians desiring to dispose of their stock in trade need not apply.

To be sold, a lucrative pawnbroker business, splendidly situated in a neighborhood containing one saloon to every ten inhabitants.

Breaksmen wanted for railroad. Mere cracksmen need not apply.

Wanted, a young gentleman with an ambition for a theatrical career, to join company which will shortly go on road. Must not object to distribute handbills.—*The Evening Sun.*

IN THE DRUG STORE.

"Give me something alkaline, quick—quinine, aloes, rhubarb, any thing, ugh!"

DRUG CLERK (*anxiously*).—What's the matter—sick?

"I should say so. Just licked one of the last issue of two-cent stamps."—*Boston Post.*

THERE is no monument over the grave of William Penn. Probably because all the marble has been put into Philadelphia door-steps.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

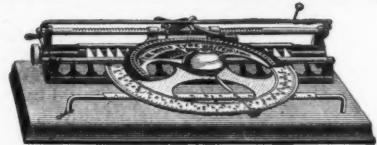
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CROPS I, II, III and IV.
An inexhaustible mine of mirth and clean-cut fun. Price, 25 cents per Crop, of all Newsdealers. By mail from the publishers, 30 cents.
The four Crops by mail to one address, \$1.00.

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C. D. Fredricks, the well-known photographer, 770 Broadway, N. Y., says:

"I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for 20 years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, coughs, colds, pains in side, back or chest, indigestion and bowel complaints."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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FRESH FRUIT JAMS,
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OPIUM HABIT Painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Days, Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure, No Pay. 300
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CANDY

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

AN HONEST AVOCATION.

FIRST BUNCO STEERER.—What, in luck again?
SECOND BUNCO STEERER.—Well, kinder; police were getting onto my racket, and so I am telling fortunes at church fairs. There's more money in it.—*Time*.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

MRS. WINKS (*enraged*).—How is this? Mrs. Stuckup's letter of reference said you were a good cook, and yet you have utterly spoiled the first meal attempted.

NEW GIRL.—May be Mrs. Stuckup don't know nothing about cookin'.

MRS. WINKS (*mollified*).—Probably that is the case. Well, I'll teach you myself.—*New York Weekly*.

"THE time will come when the bustle will be no longer seen in the streets," says a dress reformer. The bustle never has been seen in the streets. We know it's there, of course; but we never see it. In fact, it is something that women use every effort to conceal from public observation. They are always straightening it and drawing the drapery down over it. The concealment and care of the bustle are ever a source of anxiety to women when they are out, a greater worry than shopping, and that is bad enough.—*Boston Courier*.

PATTI says plenty of sleep is the secret of preserving one's beauty. The hired girl believes this.—*Boston Courier*.



PACKER'S TAR SOAP

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. Prevents contagion. 25 cents. Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

Sample, four stamps, if Puck is mentioned.

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"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destrating and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with



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Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

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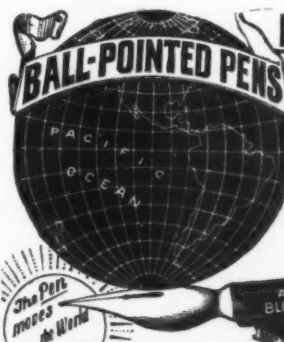
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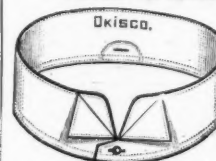
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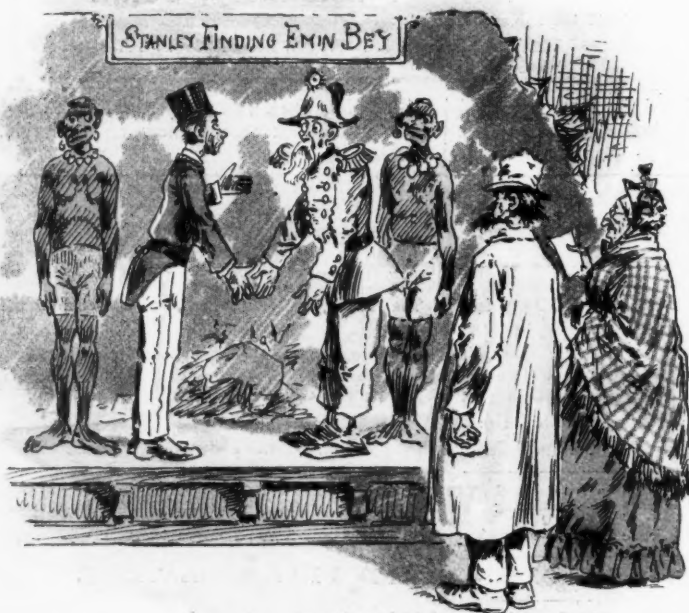
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